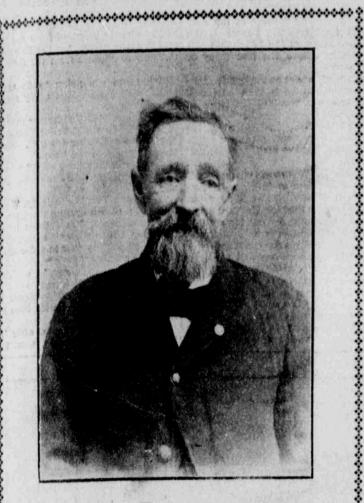
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A Salt Lake Balaklava Hero's Thrilling Life Story.



WILLIAM DAY HARWOOD.

seen men from every quarter of the

such a cosmopolitan character that his career, but his life has been so reis not surprised to meet here a markable that it adds greatly to that man or a woman around whom peculiar | quality which draws to him the inter-

this intermountain metropolis can be He was found the other day quietly enjoying the shade at the pretty little globe; of every creed, and nationality, home of his sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Ashbut in all this interesting population | man on east, Seventh South street. se career has been more romantic great wars of the world and particithan William Day Harwood,72 years of pated in the flercest engagements of age, and as spry as a school boy, both wars. But that which serves to This man's personality would be inter- distinguish him most is that he is one a monkey. When he grew up to be

William Day Harwood, Who Fought Through the Crimean War as a Member of the Thirty-ninth Derbyshire and Second Division of the British Forces, Under Lord Raglan, and who Survived the Fire of Civil Conflict in the United States, Tells the Deseret News an Absorbing Tale of His Wonderful Career-Seems to Have Borne a Charmed Life-Passed Through Some of the Fiercest Battles of History Without Receiving so Much as a Flesh Wound.

and helped take Sebastopol. He won laurels on the three great battle fields Crimean war, and then came to the United States and distinguished himself as a union soldier. It was men of his calibre that made possible a Fort Donelson, a Shiloh, Gettysburg and an Appomatox. Yet this little man, for he was just tall enough to get into the service by a close shave, is so unaccus-tomed to speaking of himself that when he does so he hangs his head to con-ceal his blushes and fidgets about like a school girl. He never says what he did; it is always what "the boys did," and it is plain to be seen that he has never learned to regard himself in the light of a hero, or indeed as an extraor-dinary man at all. But when a few questions call up the battlefields of the past his form becomes erect and the old martial spirit dances in his eyes. This man is a born soldier.

For fourteen years it was his life's blood, and he thrived so well on it, that he was never sick a day while in the service. He was horrifled at the sight of hospital, but never saw the inside of one. He never received so much as a flesh wound, yet he went through battles where not one-third came out alive of those who went in. He has stood in places where bullets were so thick that they rubbed against each other and he was not phazed. If General Custer had born such a charmed life he would today be telling the story of the Big

William Day Harwood was born in Warwickshire, England, on August 27th, 1829, and could create more mischief and get out of it better than any boy in the neighborhood. He was a favorite and a terror at the same time, as agile as a cat and as pranksome as

just begun that awful dispute with the Russians called the Crimean war. He enlisted in the second division of the ninety-fifth Derbyshires and sailed for

Balaklava from the Isle of Wight,
"We were lying about five miles from
the harbor," began the old veteran, the harbor," began the old veteran, "awaiting the advance of the Russians. Before long they came in sight a solid column miles long. Lord Ragian was in command of all our forces, while my regiment was under Colonel Smith, I was in the infantry, you understand. The Russians came on in solid line like a great wall moving towards us. Presently Lord Cardigan rode out in front of his brigade of sixhundred and gave the command to charge. A few faces blanched and a thrill went through the army like it had been ordered to execution, but the order had been given, and as Tennyson The spectacle that followed was a sight for the Gods. Those six hundred men on horses hurled themselves at that solid wall like an avalanche, but they might as well have faced a wind storm and tried to escape the breeze as to

have got away from the fire. Bullets, shells and cannon balls seemed to fill every inch of space in the air, but those men hadn't formed the habit of turning back and they didn't know how. They cut their way through that line and they must have been given superhu-man strength to do it. Then they cut their way back again, at least seventy-five of them out of that magnificent

band of 600."
"Do you know how many of those seventy-five are living now?" was

"That is almost impossible to state. One of the societies in England has been trying to ascertain how many are still living, and they have only been

twenty-four years old his country had able to locate six. Whether there are any more living I don't know

Balaklava was this old veteran's in-troduction to warfare, but as terrible as it was it did not scare him out. Lord Cardigan as is generally known. was arrested and sent back to England and tried. He was dishonorably dis-charged from the army, but he always

contended that he gave the orders as he received them. Alma and fought in that terrible en-counter. He was one of the "Tommy Atkins' that whipped the life out of the Russians at Inkerman, and what is sufficient to enroll his name on the scroll of the world's immortal heroes is the fact that he helped to take Sebastopol and it was men of his fibre that alone carried the day. Sebastopol was one of the world's decisive battles. Its field was drenched in blood and the story of that most terrible day is known by every school boy. As long as warfare is remembered and a laurel wreath bedecks the brow of the hero of war Sabastopol, and those who fought in that most sanguin-ary strife will never be forgotten.

This man has grown so accustomed to the dreadful aspects of war that very few things have made a vivid impression on him, but when he talks of Sabastopol he sees everything as though it were yesterday.

'That is the one battle of my life.' said the old soldier, "that has made the deepest impression upon me. I even now marvel as I think of how I came out alive. To us at that time it looked as though none would escape. landed under fire and remained under a flerce and unremitting fire until Sa-

ordered and those in front were crowding about that state for some time he seitled down near Litchfield, where he palling. Men and horses went headlong into that awful ditch until it was filled with the dead and wounded, then the remainder passed over them. It was worse than the sunken road of the corner of Godbe and Pitts drug store by a guarant team in 1875. Ohaine, at Waterloo, and if we had store, by a runaway team in 1875. He not been engaged in the fight of our was well known in this city and his sad not been engaged in the light of the lives with the Russians the horrifying sight ould have overcome us. But we advanced under a withering fire. Our husband, Mr. Asiman, died, leaving her with two children to raise. She was of once we were repulsed. But our English blood was thoroughly roused and the next time we charged that fortress no force on earth could have resisted us. We fought steadily for four hours, like the Anglo-Saxons fight sometimes,

but other races never. "Sabastopol closed the Crimean war and I returned to England. While I had been fighting the Russians my people, including my father and mo-ther, and my sister here, had emigrated to the United States, and were making their way to Utah, having joined the Mormon Church. I was mustered out of the service in 1856, and the next May they met in a close embrace, year I sailed for America. I joined my "I have never married," remarked Mr. people in Indiana, where my mother died soon after my arrival. I remained there and in Illinois until the war broke out. At one time I

lived near Springfield, Illinois and saw Abraham Lincoln frequently, I re-sponded to the first call for volunteers and enlisted in the Fifteenth Missouri, which was part of the Union forces. The commander of my brigade was General Koonrod, a Dutchman whom I did not love ardently, and when it come to fighting he was very much of a "lobster." By-the-way I picked that term up on my way to Utah, and in justice to myself I will explain that I am not much given to using slang." "Well I didn't fight much on this side of the Mississippi," continued the old

man, "but we soon got down into Tennessee. I was in the second day's fight at Shiloh and I must say it was about as fast fighting as I ever saw. I have been in several close places and have fought many kinds of soldiers, but those backwoodsmen from Louisiana, Texas, Georgia, Mississippi and their sister states were the hardest forma-tion I ever faced. They fought like wild

men and they could make things look more like war than anybody I know of.' Mr. Harwood bore his customary un-daunted front at the capture of Fort Donalson, the battle of Franklin, and the campaign in and about Nashville. He was in Texas when Lee surrendered at bastopol was taken. The Russians had built a trench twelve feet deep and twelve feet wide all around the fort. At first we tried to get over it with

scaling ladders, but the charge was | and then went to Illinois. After cast-

Harwood, "and I had knocked around the world so long that I thought I might end my days away from my relatives but last Spring, when the fields grew green, and the birds filled the air with their songs, my heart was turned back to my childhood heart was turned back to my childhood days when my little sister here, and I used to romp in the fields. And I began to yearn to see her again and with a longing hope I wrote to find out it she were still living. Now I am here with her," and with that remark the brother and sister exchanged glances of love, "and I am going to remain here as long as I live. We have been apart long enough and now I am going to help her all I can. I have passed through many scenes in war and in through many scenes in war and in peace that have tried my nerve. I manity like they were cattle, and have had them drop all around me until I think my thirst for war is satiated but," and the old man gave a sly wink, "I would like to have gone to the Philippines and tried my hand with the west of the boys. But I have been a man of peace for many years and I am

given him by the British soldiers, and no doubt he would have received many other distinctions had he not been so modest. But as he put it, "I have al-ways lived a quiet life and all I care for now is to live on here with my sister until the last reveille calls me to

to five thicknesses of mats, but the explanation lies in the fact that the wo-planation lies in DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE SALVADORIANS.

Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition's Travels in Central America.

Country Capable of Being Made the Garden of the World-People Hospitable and Honest-In the Mineral Belt-Again in Honduras-Interesting Experiences by the Way-From a Palace to a Hovel-Seek Rest Under Difficulties.

tains more cultivated land to the square mile. It is drained by two principal rivers, or I say one principal and one unimportant river. The Lempa rises in the southwest part, flows northeast until it reaches the northern boundary of the republic, thence nearly due south to the coast. Its valleys are rich and fertile and well peopled except some near La Barca. Here could be made rich rubber or cane plantations. or thirty miles from its mouth the river is navigable for small river steamers, but I believe none are running. At La Barca we crossed on a scow, the river being much swollen an account of the recent rains, but usually it is fordable at this place towards the end of the dry season. The other stream is the Rio San Miguel, which drains the northeastern part of the republic, and some windings flows southwardly Into the Jiquilisco Bay. It is crossed by bridge at San Miguel, and was at we reached it a considerable productive. We have never seen on the whole trip a greater wealth of fruit trees of all kinds, cane, grass and flowers then flowers than is seen on that part of the bottoms extending from the town to Coccanut trees, magoes and Danana predominate, though almost all tropical fruits are grown. The change to the dry and unproductive hills There are no large ranges of mountains in El Salvador, but there are some volcano peaks or cones that de-serve notice. Volcan de Salvador, near the capital, is over 2,383 meters (about 7,000 feet) high; Volcan de Chingo, 2,080 Volcan de San Miguel, near the town by the same name, 2,060 m. This nta Ana. 2.164 m., are still active, bugh the fires are burning low. The highest peak of all is that called Volcan San Vicente, near the town by the same name, which has an altitude of 2.640 m., or 8.000 feet. Others of interest because of their beauty are Cojutepe-These volcanoes form a broken range parallel with the coast and reaching almost from one side of the republic to Their sides are rich and fertile, and curnish soil for the largest and most productive coffee plantations. are landmarks, too, which no suided the Nephites in their and travels as they have guidof Father Lehi's sons and

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE SALVA-DORIANS.

The people as a whole become a shade lighter as we pass from Mexico into Guatemala, especially in the eastern part, and still lighter in El Salvador. Some are even white with blue eyes and

HILE El Salvador is the smallest of the Central American republics it is the most densely populated, and conchildren up to the age of ten years are still seen. I believe, too, that the Salvadorians are more industrious though their good appearance may be due en-tirely to the richness of the soil. Their houses, those of the common people, while in a degree better than those seen in Mexico and the western part of Gua-

temala are still lacking much in comfort and convenience, as we understand them. Usually the roof is well thatched or covered with tiles. The sides are sometimes of cornstocks tied together like willows and stood on ends, some times of thatch, and often of split sticks or round smaller sticks. Adobe walls are seen but not often. Of course the better class have better houses, houses of rock, adobe, or of brick, but I speak now of the poorer people. Often the sides of the houses are wanting except in one corner where the bed stands. There is never a mat on the floor, and usually the soil patted down and dampened is all the floor they have. This seems strange to one who has traveled

there is a large family to eat them. We have seen women begin the grinding at 3:30 in the morning and with only such interruptions as may be necessary for other house work, continue nearly the Where a woman has help at home and does not need to grind the corn herself, she usually becomes a vender and is seen in the market with some things to sell. On the Sandwich Islands, on the other hand, the men cook the taro and make the poi, one baking being sufficient for a week.

Sewing machines are not unfrequently seen even among the poorer classes, the little hand machine predominating, though the larger ones are met with. The washing is always done down to the spring or along the streams, and often one sees from a dozen to a hundred women sitting in the edge of the water with a large flat rock in front of them, washing clothes. The clothes are never boiled, and the softness of the white and clean. Soap is usually home made, only in the larger towns can we find the imported article. Starch and bluing are also home made.

PEOPLE ARE HOSPITABLE AND HONEST,

The people are not unhospitable, though often they are suspicious of strangers. When we stop at a place a day or two and they become acquainted, confidence is restored and a very pleasant sociability established. eral times where we have camped over day, as on Sunday, for instance, a little present, with the adios and voya bien has been given each member.

the Mexican the Salvadorans lack the politeness of the latter. Always in Mexico a bueno dias brought a polite response even from the lowest. Not so here, at least not always. Often when we here address a passerby thus he has acted as though he were taken by surprise. He was not expecting to be spoken to and had no answer prepared As a rule the people are honest. We heard considerable before leaving home of the stealing propensities of the people of the southern republics, beginning with Mexico. Some no doubt steal. They could hardly be a human people and not; but as a whole I believe they compare in honesty to their more civamong the Hawaiian people, whose floors are always covered with from two some few things taken, little things, but

IN THE MINERAL BELT. From San Miguel we came a day and

half's drive to Santa Rosa, the great mining district of the republic. We were fortunate in meeting a young American, James Hoffman by name, as he was on his way to the mines, and with him we traveled during the day. While at Santa Rosa we put up at the house of an Englishman, a Mr. White, who has lived in this part of Central America for sixteen years, and in Mexico and Central America thirty years He was well posted on mines and mining in Salvador, and did not hesitate to give us all the information he could. There is only a short strip or belt of low hills in this republic that contains any mineral to speak of, and runs from Honduras on the north to the ocean on the south, and is about ten to fifteen miles wide. The mineral is mostly gold, but there is in places silver and other minerals. Four mines worthy of note have been opened up, though there are many others in their early stages. The richest of the four is known as San Sebastian. It contains gold, is owned by an English company, and is said to pay big dividends. The second is the San Bartolo, runs mostly gold, but contains a little silver; is owned by a New York company, and when the big machinery now being put in place is ready for operation, will produce well present mining laws of Salva-

dor, which give to the owner of the land possession of the mineral as well. greatly retard the development of this industry. A native seems to think a white man, especially an American, can find rich mines anywhere, and when one applies to prospect on his land, he puts it down im-mediately that he already knows there is the precious metal there, and mands such a high percentage of the find, with no outlay whatever, that no person can afford to comply. The results are that no prospecting has been

From our talk about the mines and the country we were, at noon, called by Mrs. White to a repast, the equal of which we had not enjoyed since we bade adieu to our colonies in Mexico. We did full justice to everything, showing an ability as epicures that anyone might envy. Mrs. White modestly remarked that the meal was not a good one, while we told her not alone in words that it was a banquet to be proud of.

The lady is a native of Salvador, though of the lighter ones, her face be-ing as white as many of our northern women. She is refined and educated, is women. She is remod and ended, as handy with the needle, as well as an expert in the klichen, and possesses above all a sympathetic heart. The re-cital of our travels interested her, and she expressed sympathy when we related our little trials and hardships.

AN ARTIST IN OBSCURITY. Mr. White would be taken by anyone for an American rather than an Englishman, He left England thirty-two years ago with the idea of settling in California. But meeting with a ship captain bound for Mexico, he came here and was supercargo on a coast steamer for a long time. Finally he came to Salvador, and liking the country settled here.

From the many works of art which adorn his home, there is no question that nature intended him for an artist, while fate has made him a merchan in a little obscure Indian village in El

RAIN IN THE TROPICS. The rainy season is on. Every night heavy shower passes over, flooding the ground for a while with water. When we camp out, which we do only put out cots in, we invariably get wet, for the showers come up with such force and magnitude that long before the tent is soaked up sufficiently to shed the water much has passed through. A drizzling rain at first in the shape of a warning prepares us, but the tropics seldom furnish such a rain.

Already the grass and weeds are springing up, the trees are slowly covering themselves in a coating of new green leaves, and the whole land smiles in verdure. It is surprising how quickinto existence.

I say the sun is hot. We are now passing through our mid summer. We feel the change, especially since we reached the lower lands of the coast. It is not warm, it is hot. It is sultry times, and the perspiration even while one stands in the shade runs from every pore. Were it not for the cooling effects of the afternoon and evening thundershowers the earth would soon become unbearable.

AGAIN IN HONDURAS.

We are again in Honduras, and are ow crossing the narrow strip of that republic that reaches to the Pacific. We crossed the line yesterday at 8:15, and reached Nacaome today at 11 a. m., May 23. This town is important only because it is the birthplace of present president of the republic An American consul is here, but he has but little business to do, and, I am told, sought the position for the stand-ing it gives him in the community. However that may be he is consul, and we were full of regrets not to find him at home, he being temporarily ab-

sent on business in Tegucigalpa.

From here Mr. Klenke and I will make a quick trip to the capital, both to see that city and the country around, and as well to get our mail. The rest of the party under the direction of Mr. Fairbanks will continue on the road towards Nicaragua, but will make a few days' camp as soon as they find good feed for the animals. The trip to Teguelgalpa will take six or eight days. We left Nacaome about 2 p. m. o

Mr. Klenke and I turned northward up the river Nacaome, while the rest of the party turned southwest towards Choluteca. The day was sultry, and we almost choked for a drink cool water though we crossed the river twice. The water everywhere was warm, and one could get no satisfac-tion from a drink. Towards sundown the air cooled and traveling was more The river bottom is rich and fertile, and we passed several banana plantations and corn fields of considerable size. But two leagues from town the land became rolling and suitable only for stock raising. A week later there would be plenty of milk but now the grass is not sufficiently Pespire, a neat little town of fifteer people, and beautifully lo cated on the banks of the river. It surrounded by hills, in fact, is partial. ly on the hills itself, and with its large white church in a prominent place, is very picturesque. We found good pasturage, and a comfortable place to

The next day we traveled thirty-six miles over a very rough country, but in general following the river. I was not well, in fact, I had not been for two days, dating back to a night in wet blankets. It was after dark when we reached Sabana Grande, the largest and most important town next to Tegucigalpa. We found accommodations to sleep in one house and obtained supand nothing in it looked clean, except the table spread and the dishes, We had eggs, fried beans, tortillas sausage, all very rich, and all except people in these hot countries use much more lard in their cooking than we do in the north. Why, I cannot tell, but such is their custom in cooking.

mountains, and rose to a height of over 5,000 feet. The air was cool and pleasant, and even the drinking water was

reach the postoffice before it closed, as the next day was Sunday and the opening of the office was uncertain. From the top of the Rubber Mountains the city ould be plainly seen not more than ten miles away, but the road distance was eighteen miles.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY. The scenes from here were beautiful. On all sides oceans of rolling hills and mountains could be seen, with most beautiful little valleys nestling between, and often a little town far away, or far down, with its great white church, These valleys and the sides of the hills

vere, so that nowhere is the productive capacity of the land taxed to a hundredth part of its ability. With better roads, a thousand people could live where now a score subsist.

At 3:30 we were at the post office, and the clerks with a big grin at the quantity of mail, handed us our letters. We secured no papers. In fact we are not aware that any papers are published in Itah save from the mere fact that in a etter one of the boys received a clip We found a pasture for our animals about a mile from town at the finca of Dr. Remigio Diaz, a very wealthy and a very intelligent gentleman. He surely does not make a business of keeping pasturage for horses but was kind enough to let ours remain there without explanation. The doctor had much to say, and above all men was the one that could say much about Honduras. He was posted on the mineral wealth, on the stock industry, the sanana industry, and the railroad possibilities. "The richest valley in Central America," said he, in speaking of the agricultural possibilities, Olancho valley northeast of here about thirty leagues. There may be some places its equal, there are none its superior. In mineral it is rich in gold, silver, lead, and copper, for stock it has the best of pasturage, and for farming, the land is very fertile. The great drawback is the bad roads, but these the government is fixing, and will soon

have good ones. We have heard before of this Olancho valley, and only regret now that we cannot pay it a visit. Col. J. R. Hosmer, whom I met at the hotel, spoke of it also, and said that at present he was here connected with a company as attorney, that proposes to build a railroad into the valley, and open it up for foreign settlement. He declared that the valley was one of the richest in the

We stayed with Dr. Diaz for dinner, and the two hours before the meal were spent in the parlor with the family Mrs. Diaz is a very sensible and a very practical lady. Although wealthy she s teaching her daughters, of whom she has four charming ones, to do house work as well as to play on the plane Her two living sons are each le a profession. One is following his father as a doctor, the other is studying aw. The oldest son was killed in the last revolution, six years ago, oldest daughter is a young lady child of seven. They are light complected as compared with most of the natives, and at home would easily be taken for persons of very dark com-plexion. They play the plano well, though excuse themselves on the ground that there are no teachers in Tegucigalpa. We were therefore enter-tained with song and music, in a wel furnished parlor, and ate a dinner suitable for a king. New comes the contrast. We were surprised, though we have been on the road a year.

FROM A PALACE TO A HOVEL. After dinner we bade out friends good by, thanking them for their kind ness and hospitality, and pushed for-ward, hoping to cross the Uele mountains for camp. This we were unable to do. The evening's rain set a little earlier, and summit where feed was good, before the storm came. We came to a ranch however, the best along the road, where pasturage was good, and decided not to run the risk of getting nothing by trying to better ourselves. nothing inviting, however, but the pas-turage, and the fact that we could get corn for our mules. The extra room was already taken before we arrived by some muleteers on their way with a cargo for the capital. But the famfly appeared to be small, and as the man told us we could sleep in the house ments. Supper was out of the questlo We could not get even tortillas as the lady of the house was ill. But the lack of supper did not concern us so much as we had feasted at noon. At dusk a half dozen persons came in, and evening worship began. We and mountains surrounding them are stepped out, not to intrude. This con- cisco Chronicle.

see two other men come in Worship had scarcely closed when the

rain came down in torrents. All thought of going on was out of the question. We retired early, but not to sleep or rest, I had a bench about 18 inches wide, on which I spread my blankets. My companion had a large well dried bull hide, a common bed in this country, spread on the floor. It was the best the people had, save they should give us their own beds, and perhaps even then the best.

There were two rooms in the house,

both packed full. We did not sleep, for not alone were ous beds very hard, that we could get along with, but the fleas and the gnats and the mosquitos were unbearable. Then, too, a small baby, 15 days old, took turns with a child of two years in keeping its mothr awake, and of course all the rest of us in the same room, at least the two of us. Not waiting for the children to quiet, a half dozen pigs struggling at the front door to get out of the rain, the children Inside. Once and only once the man of the house lost his patience. For a few moments in the mid-dle of the night, as the fury of the storm outside beat down on the pigs, they made a poise that made us think jumped up, and with broom in hand found his way rapidly in the dark to the door, stepping on Mr. Klenke, and grabbing me to keep himself from fall-ing. Finally with a slam and an oath he opened the door, and struck wildly into the darkness, where the pigs were but a few moments ago, but behold they had scrambled. He had not reached his bed again before they were again pushing one another and squeating to get the best place next the door, but the owner went again, this time more mildly and the squeal of a shoat old that he had aimed well. Again he etired and again the pigs took possesion of the doorway, and remained unlisturbed so far as human being was oncerned until morning. At 3:30 the tortilla granders awoke, and began their work. Before daylight all of the released ourselves for the morning was cool and pleasant. Without breakfast we saddled and pursued our way declaring that we had had an experience we never want-

At noon today we reached haclenda San Bernardo, and here found the rest of our party all comfortably camped. Prof. Fairbanks had been able to obtain some sketches of the beautiful tropical forests near by. The animals had been in good feed, and the boys had feasted on new milk in abundance. All were well. San Bernardo, Honduras, May 31, 1901.

MIXED MAXIMS.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—"the cook will go on a strike.
"Every cloud has a silver lining—"but usually it is made of German sil-

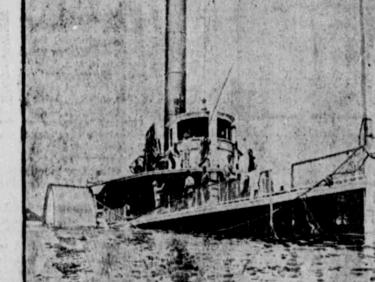
Everything comes to him who alts—" including despair and decay.
The darkest hour is just before you are trying to find the keyhole. "A squeaking door hangs a long time-" and no one ever thinks to oil it. "One swallow does not make a sum-

mer-" no, nor a meal.
"It is a long lane that has no turn-"
and sometimes it does not turn at all; just ends abruptly at a precipice.
"A soft answer turneth away wrath
"but it is just as well to be prepared and keep your hand near your pixtol

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again-" even if you have to impress It "Virtue is its own reward-" at least

it is the only apparent one up to date.
"A good conscience makes a soft pillow." as does also the knowledge that you have tomorrow's rent money. "Where there's a will there's

way-" usually the wrong one.
"'Tis better to give than to receive-"
this holds good even to a blow.
-Ella Costillo Bennett in San Fran-



TO INVESTIGATE MOHAWK WRECK.

Experienced boatmen and yachtsmen who examined the wrecked Starin Line steamer as she lay in the waters of Long Island sound off Gien Island are convinced by her position that her captain tried to pass one of the buoys